

# HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 15, 1927.

## *News of the Mill Villages*

### LAGRANGE, GA.

#### Two Girls Training For Service. Young Mill Boy Preaches. Aged Woman Dies. Large School Registration.

Mr. Hiram Todd and family, recently of the New England Southern Mills, are welcome new-comers to Unity Mills.

Misses Pearl and Lucile Riddle two lovely Christian mill girls, have consecrated their lives to the Master, and will enter the Salvation Army training school in Atlanta, to be trained for leadership.

Barnard Brooks, gifted young mill boy preacher, had charge of services Sunday morning, at South LaGrange Baptist church. He is a student in Mercer University, and a boy with splendid talent and ability.

Miss Julia Bradfield has been chosen as visiting teacher, and her duties will be to investigate absences of pupils.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pike, 90, who lived with her son, J. F. Pike, of Hill St., has answered the last call. She had a fall some weeks ago, followed more recently by paralysis.

Mrs. H. T. Quillian, charming wife of our Y. M. C. A. secretary, was hostess recently to the Woman's Missionary Society of Trinity church. Mrs. Ben Philips of Augusta was among visiting guests.

A grand total of 3,160 pupils have registered in our city schools, which is over 400 more than registered for last year. There are still others to register. Is LaGrange growing? Watch her!

### KANNAPOLIS, N. C.

#### Man Injured By Car. Another Dies Suddenly.

David Kyles, mill worker, was knocked down and seriously injured by an automobile, last Thursday; the car was driven by Parks Alman of near Mt. Gilead church, and witnesses say that the accident was unavoidable. Evidence is that Kyles

walked from behind a parked car, on the road just in front of the Alman car. Alman was arrested and released on a \$500 bond.

Five persons whose names are withheld by officers are charged with stealing two cars during a baseball game Thursday of last week. The cars were recovered not far from Kannapolis.

A. D. Talbert died suddenly as he was walking along Church street, as a result from heart trouble and high blood pressure. His family reside in Leaksville, though he had been working in the Cannon Mills for some little time. The body was sent to Leaksville for interment.

### HENDERSON, N. C.

#### When Will the Strikers Regain What They Lost?

The Harriet Mill people, of Henderson, N. C., around 800 in number, have had a five weeks strike and lost over \$35,000, in wages, to say nothing of around a thousand dollars paid into the union treasury, if it is true that 800 people joined the union, as was claimed.

What help these people received was mostly contributed by local merchants and farmers. It would be quite interesting to know just how much money was taken from the union treasury to aid these people. The leaders were very active in soliciting contributions and money was sent from various sources for the strikers.

It seems now that there never had been a cut of 12½ per cent in wages. The 12½ per cent was a bonus that was given to those who would work six days instead of three or four, hoping to get people to work more and loaf less. It was tried out a year, then stopped because it was not appreciated. And that is what they thought was a "cut" in wages.

Not one thing has been gained by the strike, but much has been lost that will never be regained.

These people have all been lumped together in the strike, and the

good must suffer along with the bad. Somebody threw bombs, and while little damage was done to property, it was an ugly piece of business, and the entire group must suffer because of the lawless few, though there are 10 to 1 who would never be guilty of such a cowardly action.

Really, such actions always weaken any cause, and in this instance no doubt caused many a good, thoughtful, law-abiding citizen to denounce and renounce allegiance to the leaders.

The people of Harriet Mills are good people really, and will no doubt be still better for the terrible experience they have had.

The strike is over, and work has been resumed, on the same basis as before.

### LEXINGTON, S. C.

#### Martel Mills (Red Bank Plant)

The sick are all improving; also Mrs. Dale who is suffering with cancer, is resting comfortably.

Mr. I. T. Wooten, director of the B. Y. P. U. gave a chicken stew to the band of faithful workers, 45 of whom were present.

Rev. Peufft is conducting a well attended revival at Red Bank Baptist church; the pastor, Rev. W. C. Wallace, is very ill and in the hospital. We hope for him a speedy recovery.

We are glad to report Mr. T. T. Alewine & wife are blessed with a fine baby boy. Also, there is a new comer in the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Parkman, who we call "Little Pete." Mrs. Parkman has returned from the Baptist hospital.

Mr. Marion Parkman and family have moved to Cherokee Falls.

Mr. George Harmon has gone to Cherokee Falls to install some new machinery in the mill.

Mr. I. J. Alewine (Uncle Si Yi) has barbecued a nice hog, and we are all going to be busy wiping grease from our chins.

THELMA WOOTEN.

## Becky Ann's Own Page

### FEED HIM ON ONIONS.

Just feed your hubby onions,  
And you'll keep him all your own;  
Yes feed him onions daily  
And the girls will let him alone.

Or, you cud tie a piece of assafidity around his neck an' keep bill an' tax collectors away. But honestly, now, did you ever see a worm or a bug a settin' on a onion? No, you never did. An' ain't it reesinable to 'spose germs an' microbes will fite shy of 'em?

Besides, onions are a mighty good tonic, an' me an' Jeems don't take no other medicine.—Gee McGee and his "Aunt Mibervy" to the contrary. Jest read his collum—"NOBODY'S BUSINESS" an' see what he says this week. If you air gilty, stop it an' eat onions.

### IS MILL NEWS RESURRECTED?

Greenville, S. C.,  
Sept. 12, 1927.

Dear "Aunt Becky,"

We were "tickled pink" to find the HOME SECTION in hubby's Bulletin last week, and to tell the truth we almost had a family row over who should read it first. It's almost as if dear old "Mill News" was raised from the dead.

But my! your story, "Driven From Home," has been running for some time, and we are crazy to get it all. Can we get the back chapters? (If you had read that HOME SECTION all over, you would have seen a list and prices of "Aunt Becky's" stories in book form, and "Driven From Home" is among them. They are all \$1.00 each.—Editor.)

Your stories are the best I have ever read, and I've read about all I could get hold of for 25 years—many so-called classics. But none approach yours in real heart interest, nor thrill one with noble resolves and high ideals, such as yours inspire, and we hope you will live to a grand old age and write a story at least for every year of your life.

My hubby says that now that the BULLETIN has you, and has added your HOME SECTION, that it will soon double and treble the subscription of all other textile publications combined.

I've always wondered, "Aunt Becky," if you realize how very dear you are to mill people everywhere? Remember the big reception given you once in a Judson mill overseer's home, when a guest made a talk, declaring that if you should ever die (which he hoped you wouldn't) that the mill people would build a monument for you that reached the sky? Well, we still feel that way about you.

Let me know about the back chapters of "Driven From Home," please.

Your Friend.  
(Now is not the above letter enough to make us try to be worthy? Sure we remember that reception. It was in the home of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Tidwell. We shall never forget those days. Let's all try to make the Home Section as fine and clean as dear old Mill News was, and we will have a paper to be proud of. We are confidently expecting the BULLETIN to increase its subscription list, and will be grateful to everyone who will give aid in this direction. Tell your hubby to help his opinions to come true.—Aunt Becky.)

### PATCH, PATCH, PATCH.

"Patch, brother patch—patch with care,  
Patch in the presence of the passengare."

The New York Sun changed the above to read:

"Patch, brother patch, patch with cheer,  
Patch in the presence of the Profiteer."

But darnin' an' patchin' seem to be lost arts. That is among wimmin,—an' so men are advised to do the patchin'. One paper said that "About all a modern girl knows about a needle, is that it can be used once on the victrola."

Many dollars could be saved if that "stitch in time" was taken scribly an' put into practice. Jest one little stitch in a pair of expensive hose gives away, an' in less'n a day has run the full length an' they have to be thrown aside, or pore mother takes 'em an' mends 'em, an' uses 'em herself.

It won't hurt to teach boys to sew on their buttons an' darn their hose; in this modern age his "wife" may have a position that takes her to work every day, same as he does, an' he will have as much time to "darn" things as she.

"Patch, brother patch, patch with cheer."

### BIG, FINE PRINCIPLES.

In a letter we were asked "What is man's most admirable trait of character?" We answered without hesitation:

"That big fine principle which enables him in spite of personal differences, to give the other fellow a square deal in business matters; that puts his fist to a recommendation that will land a better job for one whom he does not like person-

ally, but acknowledges frankly is a capable financier."

If a man possesses that quality, it is a sure thing that he is a perfect gentleman,—deep, broad-minded, good, courteous and all the rest; and he will some day reach the top of the ladder of success.

There are men who have had serious differences and are almost bitter enemies, yet should their opinions be asked regarding each other's business ability and integrity, they would unhesitatingly give an honest, straight-forward recommendation, with never a wiry smile, a "but" nor an "if" in insinuation, to detract from its value. It takes a REAL MAN to do this.

The majority of men separate business principles from personalities, and do it beautifully showing up in pleasing contrast to the little wizen-souled, revengeful dwarf, who rejoices in petty persecutions.

We hate to say it, but it's true; the majority of women pick each other to pieces behind their backs, and many a good woman's reputation has suffered terribly for no cause whatever, except that another woman was jealous of her or didn't like her.

Because of woman's weakness along this line, some men think of her vote as a joke. We don't want to be less womanly, but we do want to cultivate that big "manly" principle that enables us to always give each other a square deal.

### BASEBALL

#### Kershaw—Lando

Kershaw, S. C., Sept. 3rd.—Kershaw Mills defeated the fast Lando Mills team here today 6 to 0. Jones for Kershaw was in superb form and gave up only one hit and fanned 19 men, also getting two hits. Blanks for Lando pitched a good game but was given poor support. Only one earned run was made off him.

This ended the season for the home boys. It was the first team the Kershaw Mills has had for the last four years. They got off to a late start but have made a good record. Played some of the strongest teams in the section and won eight out of twelve games.

### KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

#### Death of Young Boy and Old Lady— News From Various Mill Villages Interestingly Written.

Master Floyd Pierson, the eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pierson, of the Dilling Mill, died Sunday night after a short illness. He was stricken Friday with pto-

maine poison, and everything was done to save him, but death was his only relief and it came at 11 o'clock Sunday night.

Funeral services were conducted at the home Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Arthur Huffman, pastor of the Lutheran church, and the little body buried in Mountain Rest cemetery. The family have the sympathy of a large number of relatives and friends.

Messrs. S. A. Mauney and J. P. Long made a business trip to Boston last week in the interest of the Kings Mountain Manufacturing Company.

Mr. J. M. Jordan, of the Dilling Mill, was run over by a car Wednesday evening and pretty badly hurt. The accident was said to be unavoidable.

#### Pauline Mill.

Funeral services for the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest White were held Tuesday.

Mrs. L. L. Parrish is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Chaney, in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. Harry Ledford, a local ball player, has returned from Leesport, La., where he has been playing.

Mrs. Andrew Jenkins, of Shelby, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Falls were in Gastonia Wednesday.

Mr. J. H. Davis has resigned as overseer of spinning at the Pauline.

#### Bonnie Mill.

Mr. F. C. Green and family, of Shelby, spent Sunday in the home of Mr. A. L. Grice.

Mr. R. L. Bennett, of Toccoa, Ga., visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Bennett last week.

Mrs. Julia Simpson Price, 79 years old, of the Bonnie Mill, died at her home Monday after many years of suffering. She had been afflicted for a number of years but was able to be up most of the time until some time ago. She was the mother of four children, two having preceded her to the grave several years ago. The surviving two are Misses Julia Anne and Carrie Price.

The funeral was conducted Tuesday evening at the home and burial in Mountain Rest cemetery. She will be sadly missed in the home and community.

#### Cora Mill.

Rev. W. N. Cook, Mrs. Giles Bridges, Mrs. J. A. Culberson and Mrs. J. C. Blanton attended the W. M. U. meeting at Sandy Plains church last Thursday.

Mrs. W. H. Redman and children are spending the week with relatives near Boiling Springs.

Mrs. J. C. Blanton and daughter, Miss Eva, and niece, Miss Edna Blanton, attended the revival meeting at Flint Hill church near Boiling Springs last week.

Mrs. Paul Blanton, Mr. Evans Delling, Miss Edna Blanton, Miss Eva

Blanton and Miss Carrie Bobbitt made a trip to Asheville, Marion and Morganton recently.

The sick folks at the Cora Mill are all improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dixon, of Shelby, have moved back to the Cora Mill.

Rev. H. G. Shulls will preach his farewell sermon at the Second Baptist church Sunday night before leaving for Mars Hill to enter school. He expects to leave Monday.

#### Phenix Mill.

Mrs. D. C. Payseur and children are spending some time in Asheville as guests of her sister, Mrs. B. A. Culp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mauney are visiting Mrs. Mauney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Teague, in Florida.

Mr. C. B. Haney, who has been sick for some time, is slowly improving. His friends are anxious to see him well and able to be in his place at church again.

Mrs. J. S. Charles and children have returned from a visit to his parents at Union, S. C.

A serious auto wreck occurred on the highway near the Phenix Thursday evening in which three Durham men, one an officer, en route to the mountains, turned their car over. They were carried to the hospital at Gastonia, one in a rather serious condition.

Mr. M. L. Conner carried his son, Rochel, to Misenheimer Sunday, where he will enter school this week. Mrs. Conner and Yates accompanied them.

Mr. R. F. Gardner and family were Kings Mountain visitors Sunday.

Mr. Mack Conner went to Cherryville Saturday on business.

Mr. T. C. Bennett, Mr. Baxter Payseur, Miss Divola Gallman and Mrs. Florence Jenkins motored to Chimney Rock and other points in Western North Carolina Sunday.

The Kings Mountain graded schools opened Monday. A number of the boys and girls quit work to go back to school. Among those who are going is Miss Ruth Cobb, of the Dilling Mill. She will finish this year.

Mr. W. S. Dilling, secretary and treasurer of the Dilling Mill, has been on a business trip to New York City.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Grady Rhea, of the Margrace Mill, last week, a daughter.

Mrs. A. Morrow and children, of Albemarle, have been visiting her father, Mr. J. F. Cranford.

Rev. Harry Roberts, of Bessemer City, preached at Macedonia Baptist church (Park Yarn Mill) Sunday morning and evening. He brought some fine messages that were enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. M. T. and Miss Ida Dixon have returned home after spending

some time with Mr. and Mrs. Rush Tucker, of Colfax.

Margie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Keener, has been real sick but is slowly mending at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. James Begg and children, of Bessemer City, have been spending some time with Mrs. Begg's daughter, Mrs. Lewis Keener.

Mr. Z. F. Cranford was called to the bedside of his father at Albemarle Monday night. His father is better now and Mr. Cranford is back on his job, but is expecting to spend Saturday and Sunday with him.

Mrs. M. L. C.

#### KERSHAW, S. C.

Mr. M. A. Crolly and wife, visited friends in Whitmire, S. C., Thursday.

Mrs. W. R. Swett, from Kollocks, is visiting her son Mr. J. L. Swett of Kershaw.

Mrs. Martha Phillips spent last week in Charlotte, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ethel Phillips, came back with her for a few days visit.

Mr. Jess William's little daughter was run over by a car last Thursday night, and sustained a broken leg, but is getting along as well as could be expected.

Mr. Guy Shaw visited in Columbia Sunday, accompanied by Mr. Lonnie Phillips.

Mr. B. C. Baker visited his wife and child at Denmark, S. C., Sunday.

The Kershaw Cotton Mills are now building a new smokestack for the boilers, this smokestack is to be about one hundred feet high.

Mr. L. F. Adams motored to Greenville Saturday for his wife, who has been visiting in Greenville the past week.

We are having a revival meeting at the Second Baptist church of tor, is being assisted by Rev. Bennett, the pastor of the Second Baptist church, of Lancaster, S. C.

A READER.

#### GREENSBORO, N. C.

##### White Oak Quartet Popular Feature of Entertainment.

White Oak Mills have a double male quartet that has made itself immensely popular with the public, which calls for them often. They were the biggest attraction Saturday evening in a free entertainment in the home of A. M. Gorton, Route 6. People from Alamance church were especially invited, but the large crowd was made up of guests from various sections.

Circle No. 3, of the Woman's Auxiliary Society of Alamance church, served delicious refreshments, and the occasion was one of unadulterated pleasure from start to finish.

## CHESTER, S. C.

**Eureka Mills Grow Big Fat Overseers. All Weigh Over Two Hundred.**

We take the *Bulletin* and our Home Section, goes the rounds among our friends until it is too worn to lend. Everybody enjoys it.

Noticing that you want more news from the mills, we are sending some items from Eureka, a place we are all proud of. The overseers and officials are all good men to work for.

Mr. A. H. Robbins is general manager, assisted by Mr. W. A. Lynn, and at night, by Mr. Jake Hull. Overseers are, Mr. M. Mullinax, carder, assisted at night by B. M. Langley; Mr. J. W. Fleming, spinner, assisted at night by Mr. —, Cudd, a new man, but well liked; Mr. M. S. Hull is weaver, assisted by —, Brown; Mr. J. E. Meyers, overseer cloth room.

In the office we have Miss Mary Emma Sprouse and Mr. H. J. Bennett; Mr. Smith is cotton grader.

We understand our boss carder was docked last Saturday for stealing a watermelon from Messrs. Smith and Lynn, and that Mr. Mullinax raised sand because it was green! Somehow, pictures of watermelons are continually showing up, and Messrs. Hull and Mullinax have lost all taste for this delicious fruit of the vine.

We have two fine Sunday schools, and two fine pastors doing a noble work for the advancement of God's Kingdom.

Mrs. Thomas, we would be glad to have you visit us sometime. We had the pleasure of meeting you when you stopped at our mill last February.

We have no sleekness, and in fact, everybody is extremely strong and healthy—especially the overseers, who are all so big and fat we are always careful to speak well of them. You can understand what a predicament we all are in,—working for men so much larger than we are. I think our smallest overseer weighs at least 250. Just come and see for yourself!

When they go off anywhere, old Eureka sure gets some big advertising for health.

We hope to send you some subscriptions before long, for we want to do all we can for the *Bulletin's* "Baby," for everyone enjoys it so much.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. B.

(Fine! We are delighted to hear from Eureka. We always enjoy going there, for everyone is so delightfully friendly and courteous. We feel sure you can get a lot of subscribers there, for the *Bulletin* and the Home Section will be sent together to anyone, for \$2.00, and besides, if you send the news, it will be so interesting to the people of Eureka.—Aunt Becky.)

## FRIES, VA.

**People Enjoy Fair and Carnival Without the "Mountain Moonshine" — Mill President Keeps Young—Personals.**

Aunt Becky:

Our mill stopped off last Thursday in order to let everybody who so desired attend the twin-county fair at Falax. This is an annual event of very great interest, not only for the folks in this immediate section, but for the people all over Grayson and Carroll counties. Lots of people who were born and reared in these counties and now reside in other parts of the United States, plan to visit their homefolks during fair week in order that they may have an opportunity to visit and see many of their former friends.

The fair ground is said to be one of the best locations for the purpose of any in the State. The half-mile track is situated at the foot of a large hill and the thousands of people sitting under the shade of the trees can have an unobstructed view of the entire track. The carnival attractions this year were unusually clean and interesting, under the supervision of the Johnny J. Jones Company.

Being in the heart of the majestic Blue Ridge mountains people naturally conclude we would have plenty of "moonshine" and rowdism, but you will be surprised to find very little evidence of its use around here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bryant have removed to Erlanger Cotton Mills, Lexington, N. C. Mr. Bryant has an envious reputation among veteran mill men for his ability for making good weaving warps by the properly making of sizing, and he is reputed to be among the best slasher men in the South.

Geo. Jennings, our spinner, and family have returned from a visit to relatives in Ohio. George is in one respect similar to old Joe Brown's mule, in that he is small of stature but has mighty big ways. If you don't think he is a cracker-jack spinner, just come and look over his job.

Col. F. H. Fries, of Winston-Salem, paid us a visit last week. Old Father Time deals gently with the Colonel. He certainly doesn't look a bit older to us now than when we first met him 20 years ago. He has been president of Washington Mills since their organization.

Roller Coverer F. M. Whitwell and wife, accompanied by their son, Sam, have returned from a visit with relatives at Rock Hill, S. C.

Albert Coleman, who used to run one of our folders, came in to see us today. He is located at Brownsville, Texas, in the U. S. Cavalry. He has been down there nine years and has gotten sunburned, but we knew him O. K.

GEORGIA CRACKER.

## ROANOKE, ALA.

**W. A. Handley Manufacturing Company Village (Lowell) News.**

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Nolan have been entertaining Miss Mary Lou Walker, charming young lady of Birmingham, Ala.

Messrs. Roan Daniel, Winfred Faulkner, Jim Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Caldwell and Miss Lois Robinson, were recent visitors to LaGrange, Ga.

Miss Gertrude, Eula Mae, and Jewell Maddox, Dewey Rushton and Carlton Sledge, of LaGrange were recent guests of friends here.

Misses Mary Green and Annie Pearl Atkins have been visiting relatives in Columbus, Ga.

They always "come back." The latest to return are Mr. and Mrs. Shelley Nolan, who moved away about three weeks ago to Gadsden. Can you beat it? SOX.

## LANETTE, ALA.

**West Point Mfg. Co. Theater Opened. Will Seat 1,180.**

The new theater and auditorium in Lanett, Ala., adjoining West Point, was formally opened Monday night to an audience of about 1,500. The new structure, just completed by the West Point Manufacturing Company, owners of a number of textile plants in the Chattahoochee valley, is the largest auditorium and theater in this section of the Southeast. It is of fireproof construction, with modern ventilation and heating system, large stage and ample equipment. The new Lanett theater represents an expenditure of around \$100,000. Rest rooms, dining hall, electrified kitchen. Boy Scout and Girl Scout rooms are all provided in addition to the auditorium with its 1,180 opera seats. At the opening Monday night addresses were made by Superintendent R. W. Jennings, of Lanett Mill, and his associate, John Howarth. Many prizes were given away.

The erection of this house of amusement is a demonstration of the interest the management of the West Point Manufacturing Company takes in community welfare in all the towns where they operate.

George H. Lanier, of this city, large textile operator, is general manager and president of the West Point Manufacturing Company.

## Lowbrows.

Assistant—"Have you an account with the house, madam?"

Customer—"No, but maybe I can arrange matters with your manager."

Assistant (to manager)—"A lady of no account to see you, sir."—Passing Show.

# DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

"How can she always look like that and work? Is it like Grandma says—does religion clean folks up outside as well as inside? But she gets dirty!" Then an accusing conscience answered back: "But Granny has so few clothes, and does all the nasty work. Even then she keeps cleaner and neater than you do!" She sat down on a log in a sunny sheltered spot, to think it out.

At home, Granny was working, her panacea for all troubles; she was feeding the chickens and singing,—more at first to comfort the twins who were miserable when she was sad: but soon the spiritual significance of her song brought peace and joy to her own heart:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear,  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

The twins, back on the straw pile, on the sunny side of the barn, with old Tinker between them, listened and looked at each other in puzzled awe.

"Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer."

"I just wish I was dead!" wailed Albert. "Johnny's gone, Tinker'll soon be dead, Granny can't live always, an' first thing we know we won't have nobody, but her and him, an' I reckon they'll kill us, sometime when they get on a drunk."

"I guess so. What does God send little boys to drunkard's homes for, anyhow?" Alfred sighed. "Seems to me things is mighty wrong some'ers. I don't believe God knows everything, an' I don't believe He can do everything neither."

"Me neither. I don't believe nothin'! But I do wish I had religion like Sammy Black, don't you? Just listen at Granny!"

"Jesus can make a thorny bed,  
As soft as downy pillows are,"  
came her tremulous voice, ringing out triumphantly above the cackle of geese, and quack of ducks that swarmed around her.

"Do you reckon He can?" whispered Albert, half in doubt and half in hope and fear.

"If Granny says so it's so," replied Alfred solemnly.

## They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

## Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

## Read

Only a Factory Boy  
Hearts of Gold  
Will Allen—Sinner  
The Better Way  
A Man Without a Friend  
Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.  
Charlotte, N. C.

## Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

### We Are a Race of Medicine Takers.

Over 98 per cent of all the medicine sold in the United States is bought and taken by people who are enjoying good health. I do not believe that it has ever been my pleasure to meet a man or woman over 25 years of age who was not an habitual medicine taker. This refers to truthful men and women.

I never heard of my aunt Minervy being sick a day in her life, but she takes a dose of something nearly every hour in the day. If a surgeon were to puncture her stomach, he would find at least 40 different kinds of medicine scattered around in there none of which was needed.

Immediately on arising every morning, aunt Minervy takes 2 teaspoonsful of Dr. Shakem's Panacea for the absorption of lurking poisons common to the intestinal tract in elderly females. There's nothing wrong with that tract, but the almanac made aunt Minervy think so and Dr. Shakem gets about 2 dollars a week from this good old lady.

As soon as breakfast has been eaten, aunt Minervy rushes to the medicine chest and measures out a tablespoonful of Dr. Jerkins Digesto; aunt Minervy has been taking this particular medicine for 3 years and she knows positively that she'd die if she were to miss a dose. (As a matter of fact, there's nothing wrong with aunt Minervy's digestive organs except they can't handle a hunk of cheese every morning of the world.)

Between breakfast and lunch, aunt Minervy swallows 23 drops of Dr. Foolen's Herb-Extract for heart stimulations. (Aunt Minervy found something wrong with her heart while reading an almanac 14 years ago, and so far, Dr. Foolen has kept her alive and poor). Her heart is as strong as a yearling's, and she'll be dead 2 hours before that pump ceases to function, but she simply must have her medicine.

Aunt Minervy says that San-Lac and Swamp Root and Pulebo-itus are her favorite afternoon medicines. She takes them 1 hour apart, and never misses. These remedies are for her blood and liver and kidneys, respectively, all of which seem to weaken her perceptibly, as they are a little bit shy of alcohol.

The 7 different doses aunt Minervy takes before retiring keep her busy mixing and shaking and stirring for 2 to 3 hours. She has 4 distinct kinds of pills, and how each pill finds what its particular job is after getting into her innards is more than I can tell. She prefers pink medicine to any other color. She never seems hungry when she goes to the table, but she's the last one to leave, and when she finally leaves, it's because everything but the dishes and knives and forks have disappeared. If she ever needed medicine I've never been able to tell what it was for, but we are nearly all aunt Minervys.

"I guess me an' you better mind how we talk about God an' Jesus."

Silence for a moment. Then:

"Wonder what about pa being arrested?"

"I dunno; but I hope it's so; maybe we'll get 'rested' some if he's locked up. Wonder what he done?"

### CHAPTER XXI

Just think of little children being glad when "daddy" is away—rejoicing in the freedom that comes to them, with the knowledge of "daddy's" imprisonment! Dreading the home coming of their natural protector; cringing in corners, hiding from sight, speaking in whispers,—the joy of childhood crushed from their souls by the cruel heel of Intemperance. Is there anything on earth more pitiful?

Little Albert's wail, "I wish I was dead," has been the heart-breaking cry of thousands in his position, who saw no hope of relief in the future—nothing to look forward to and strive for,—not a ray of sunshine or hope to penetrate the cloud of despair that wrapped about them like a death's shroud.

As soon as Lou had gone, Mrs. Grim put on a long coat, hat, veil and gloves, had Susie to wrap up, and hitching her horse to the buggy, they drove to Greensboro, to do some shopping, and to meet the train that would bring Mr. Grim home for the holidays. He was a traveling salesman during the winter for a wholesale grocery company, coming home usually twice a month for the week-end, where a joyous welcome always awaited him, with every little attention that a loving wife and daughter could shower upon him. To have him home for a whole week, seemed to them the greatest blessing of Christmas.

While Susie lingered in the Ten Cent Store buying things for Johnnie's box, Mr. Grim slipped out to the Sheriff's office and blocked any plan that Lou might try in an effort to secure John Elgricel's release from prison. She was determined that Granny and the twins should have Christmas free from his annoying presence. She did not believe that Lou would really dare to defy her, and try to get him out, but she would be on the safe side.

The late afternoon train brought Mr. Grim, and found his loved ones waiting for him in a buggy loaded with bundles, and soon they were homeward bound.

"If you don't mind, dear, I'd like to have Granny and the twins to take dinner with us tomorrow," remarked Mrs. Grim as they came near the Elgricel home. "I don't think they will have much of a Christmas at home."

"That's perfectly all right, dear—only don't have John, and—that woman."

"Of course not;—why, John's in jail—and couldn't come anyway—unless he gets out."

"What's he been up to? Drunk, I suppose. Well I can't see how he escaped this long."

"Yes—drunk. He came over home—"

"What!" sharply.

"—for Granny and was very noisy—the Sheriff was

was passing, came in, and I asked him to take him on and keep him till he is sober. He's getting to be unbearable when drunk, and is really dangerous. He talked awful to poor old Granny."

"And you'll have to appear against him, I suppose? Granny won't you know!" frowning.

"Oh no; I think Sheriff Lowery will need no more evidence than his own,—he'll get fined for a simple drunk, I suppose—unless I take out a warrant for forcible trespass."

"Mama, don't you get sorry for Mrs. Lou, having to live with that man all the time?" asked Susie.

"I presume he just suits her, honey;—she's as bad, I think, as he is," replied Mrs. Grim, giving Susie a warning touch under her wrap, and Susie said no more.

"If it were not for poor old Granny, I'd exert my influence to get John Elgricel out of this neighborhood. But somehow I don't want to hurt her, even when I feel that I'd be doing her a favor," said Mr. Grim.

"That's the way I feel. Granny is a dear; how she can be the mother of a man like John, is a mystery to me," replied Mrs. Grim.

"Oh, well, everyone is the result of three factors—his ancestry, his surroundings and his individuality; and, while I feel that Granny may have been over-indulgent and weak, she is not all to blame for John's lack of character."

Granny and the twins left Lou sulking in bed Christmas morning, when they returned home with Susie, who had been sent for them.

As soon as they were out of the house Susie exclaimed in a guarded voice:

"Oh Granny, I've good news for you and the twins,—you're going to have a real peaceful Christmas; Sheriff Lowery's going to keep Mr. Elgricel locked up on purpose, so you won't be bothered with him at all! Aren't you glad!"

"Whoopee!" and Albert danced joyously.

"Whoopee! Gosh! I hope he'll keep him a week!" declared Alfred. "Guess we can cut with our knives and look at our books an' things, now, without actin' like we stole 'em!"

"Gee whiz! Won't it be grand to not have to be watchin' and listen' an' dreadin' for him to come?" And the twins were plainly exuberant. Granny, too, felt a thrill of gladness that frightened and shamed her. It would be a relief to know John couldn't rush in and raise a fuss, but surely she ought not to be glad that he was locked up! and she lifted her heart to God in prayer:

"Dear Lord," she prayed. "Don't let me get hard-hearted! I love my boy, but somehow, I can't be sorry about this. An' if I don't keep after you with never endin' prayers to save his soul, it's 'cause I know you know all about it an' more than I can tell you, an' I'm a trustin' you for everything. Anything you do seems right to me, an' you shore must a sent the Sheriff along in time to

#### "FOURTEEN POINTS" FOR CHURCH KILLING

1. Don't come. If you do come, come late.
2. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of coming.
3. Come bound to find fault with officers and members.
4. Be selfish and ask, "What do I get out of this?"
5. Never accept office. It is easier to criticize than to do things.
6. Visit other churches half of the time.
7. Let the pastor do all the work.
8. Never use front seats; sit back. Don't sing.
9. Hold back your dues as long as possible, or never pay at all.
10. Don't encourage the preacher. Tell his faults to outsiders.
11. If strangers come in, don't find them a seat. Don't give them a book. Don't ask them back.
12. Don't bother about getting new members. "Let George do it." Never speak of the services to any one.
13. When you see everything is going harmoniously, do something to engender strife.
14. When others roll up their sleeves and work willingly, howl about the organization being run by a clique.—Christian Herald.

#### THE MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL SNAKE STORIES

##### Child Locked in House as Punishment Killed By Rattlesnake.

Mount Airy, N. C.—One of the most horrible snake stories of recent years, which bobbed up here a few days ago, continues to go the rounds here. After considerable difficulty in tracing down the story, it seems to have originated at or near Appalachia, Va., and that the names were withheld for obvious reasons.

According to the story, a mother was having considerable difficulty with an infant, who was fretful and continued to cry, despite the best efforts of the mother to quiet the child. Finally the mother threatened the child with a sojourn to a feed room or some other small building back of the house, if it didn't stop crying. Naturally, the infant continued to cry. The mother then took the baby and locked it up in the outhouse. She then went on about her house work, and the child continued, very naturally and as was to be expected, with his crying.

In fact, the child seemed to raise its pitch a few notches but the mother paid little attention to it. After half an hour or so the child's cries died out and the mother then felt that the lesson had been sufficiently impressed on the baby. When she went to the outhouse and unlocked the door, she found, instead of a repentant child, a dead infant, bitten in many places by the deadly rattlesnake, which was still lying on the floor near the body. The violent cries she had heard were readily explained by the woman's ghastly find and also the dying out of the baby's crying.

As the story, after being first told here, was broadcasted, it has drawn down the opinion that it was the most ghastly snake story to be heard in this section of the State in years. None here blame the persons concerned with succeeding in keeping their names out of print.

**VALDESE, N. C.****Interesting Items From a Progressive Town.**

Mr. P. A. Bumgarner has opened a restaurant in the store building back of Church's barber shop and is doing a fine business.

An addition of 20 by 40 feet is being built on the upper side of the Waldensian Weavers building and will be occupied as soon as finished.

The Peoples Drug Store, a new one, is installing a large radio, and it goes without saying that the people will surely make repeated calls.

Dr. Z. O. Foard, of Connelly Springs, has opened an office under Valdese Filling Station.

Mr. Julius Grissette, manager of the Co-operative Store, is recovering from injuries received when hit by "hit-and-run" car recently.

Messrs. Francis Verreault and Daniel Bounons took a camping trip in Tennessee recently and report a wonderful time.

Miss Jeanette Bounons has been visiting in Asheville.

**THE COMMON CASE OF POOR LO**

When Lo, the poor Indian, suddenly found  
His blanket too short at one end,  
He sat down to think in a manner profound,  
Of a way the said shortage to mend.

He studied and fretted around quite a while,  
Till wrinkles he had quite a crop;  
But at last he arose with triumphant smile  
And whacked a piece off the top.

Then with a sly nod of his crafty old head  
He grunted and said, "Now me gottum;  
Poor Lo go and gettum a needle and thread  
And sow that piece to the bottum!"

We laugh at poor Lo in our cynical way,  
Yet I dare say he reasoned as well  
As those who expect frequent raises in pay  
To keep up with the H. C. L.  
—Indianapolis Star.

**SON OF SUPERINTENDENT INJURED**

Gastonia, N. C.—Clyde Storey, a member of the mechanical force at the Modena Cotton Mill, East Gastonia, is confined to a hospital here as the result of injuries he sustained when a steam pipe in the machine shop of the mill exploded and blew him through the door and into the yard.

His scalds are painful but word from the hospital tonight indicated that he was resting well and would recover. Storey is 22 years old, married and the son of W. T. Storey, superintendent of the Modena.

**HYGIENE**

"Do you think modern feminine attire will affect hygiene favorably?"

"To some extent," answered Miss Cayenen. "The frank display will make mothers more careful about letting the little girls become bowlegged."

**DOUBTING IT**

"Better take some more of that there cough medicine," said Mrs. Fiddlin. "Do you good."  
"Nope; not me," impatiently replied Jig Fiddlin of Clapboard Springs. "It's no 'count. Why, the infernal stuff tastes good!"

stop him from a terrible crime. John's better off where he is, an' so is the rest of us. I want the poor little twins to have a good Christmas, an' they can't if he's around. Lord, don't let him git out fur a spell, an' maybe he'll sober up an' think seris about how he's a doin', an' do better.

"But please Lord, don't think I'm a tryin' to run your business. I ain't never knowed how to run my own, an' I shore don't know what is best fur John. I ain't carin' fur myself—I'm jest a thinkin' of him, an' the babies. Do in all things what seems best; I'll do the best I can, an' trust you to the end."

A wonderful box was sent to Johnny, fixed by loving hands, Granny insisted in sending some of her own famous doughnuts. She had unspoken contempt for Mrs. Shehane's "doughnuts without holes in them," and Mrs. Grim was secretly amused over the old soul's very evident jealousy of Johnnie's new friend.

The box contained fresh butter, country apples, popcorn, peanuts, home made jellies and preserves, an Ingersoll watch, some nice shirts, and handkerchiefs, Christmas cakes and candies, and was sent by express prepaid. Mr. and Mrs. Shehane were just as pleased as Johnnie, and thought it was wonderful that his people should remember them so generously with such fine preserved fruits, etc.

Christmas passed uneventfully enough in the Elgricel community; John was thoroughly sobered when he reached home the last day of the old year, and very penitent. He made all kinds of promises to start a new life with the New Year, but refused to accept Jesus as his help and strength. No! he was man enough to do anything he pleased,—and he didn't need help from any source, he declared.

When Granny told him of his behavior in Mrs. Grim's home, he seemed incredulous, and very much disturbed. Lou sniffed disdainfully and added:

"Yes, that Grim woman had the nerve to tell me you tried to kiss her. Did you? Now did you?" she demanded.

John looked at her a moment in silence. Her uncombed hair, and unkempt clothing, her baleful eyes and snuff-rimmed mouth, made a repulsive picture. For a moment the thought of the sweet angelic-girl-wife whom he had driven from home crushed his very soul with the burden of his guilt. He drew a trembling hand across his face as if to shut out the contrasting vision.

"Did you!" insisted Lou, taking his silence to mean consent. He replied slowly, meditatively:

"I'm just wondering, by Heck, if I ever was fool enough to kiss you,—you dirty wench! Why in h— don't you clean up? You didn't look like this—when—you come here?"

"No!" she laughed harshly, "I didn't; I hadn't been bedding up and eating slop with hogs, eithers. I'm good enough for you any day, and don't you forget that!"

(Continued Next Week)